



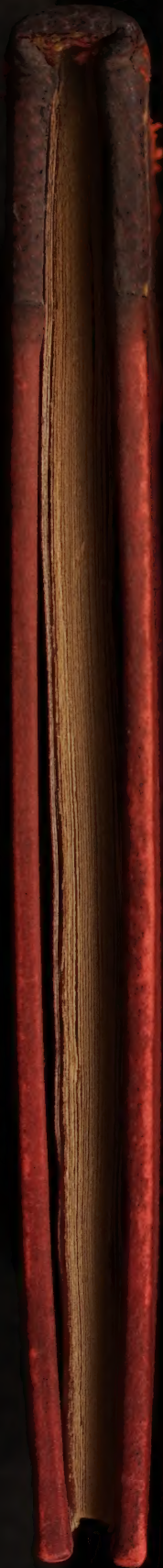


CAPMANY Y DE MONTPALAU ANTI-GALLICAN SENTINEL—BALTIMORE, 1810





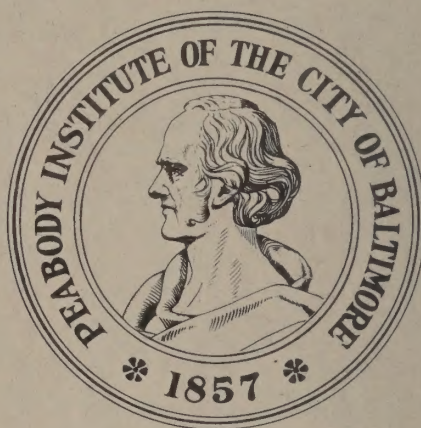






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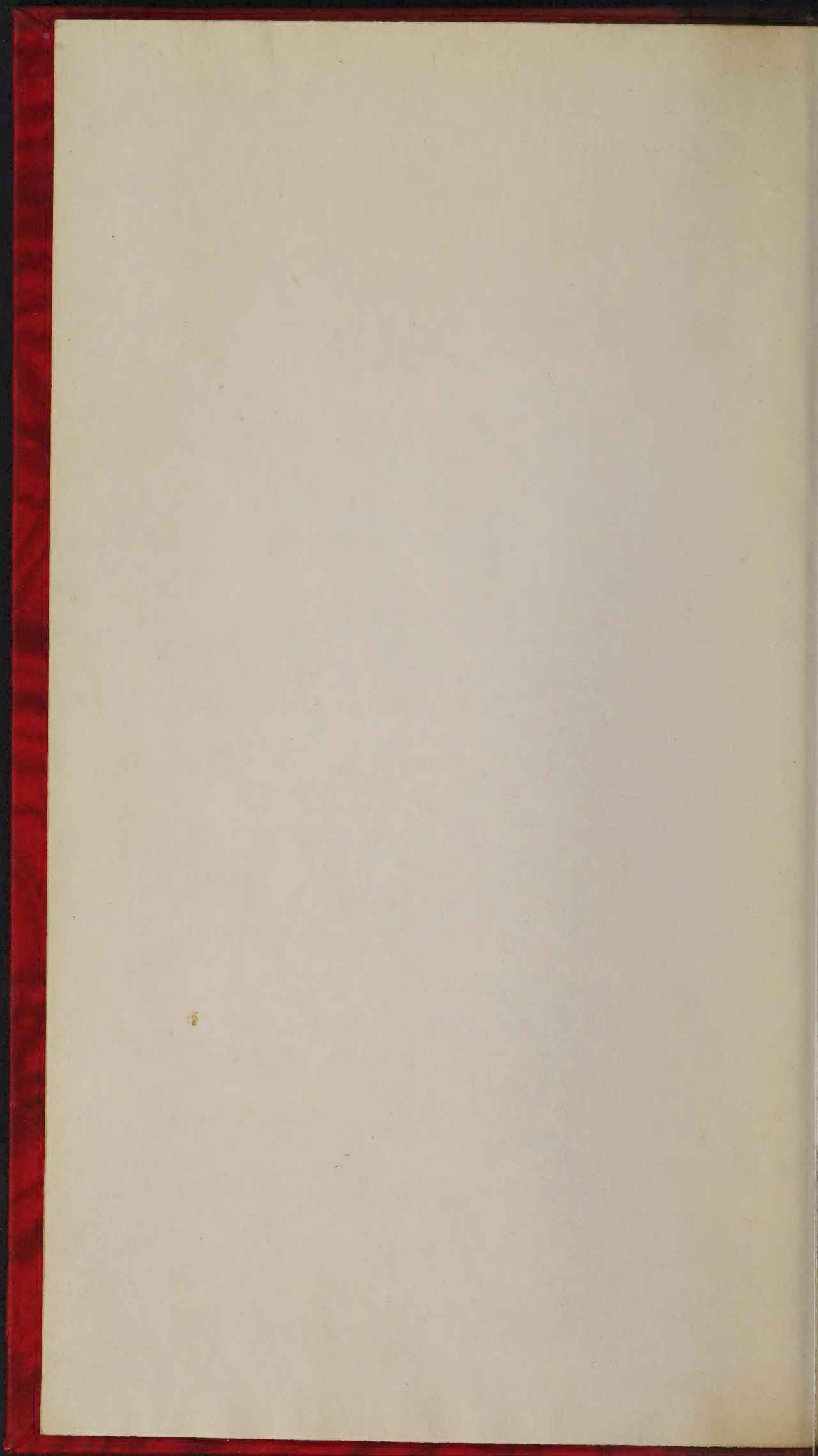
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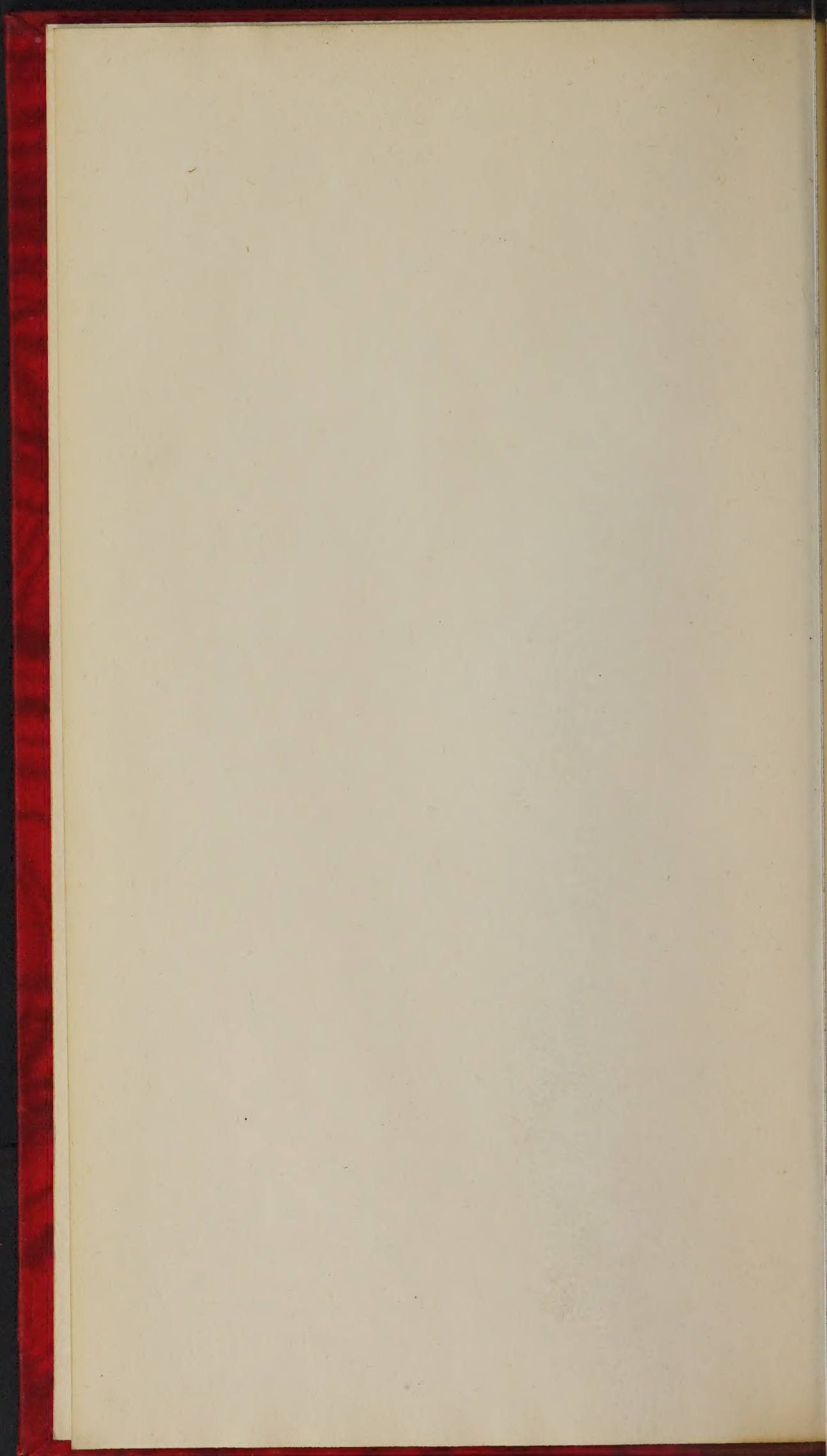




















No 12

THE

ANTI-GALLICAN SENTINEL,

BY

DON ANTONIO CAPMANY.

.....  
DEDICATED TO ALL NATIONS.  
.....

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH,  
BY A GENTLEMAN OF NEW-YORK.

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BALTIMORE:  
PRINTED BY BENJAMIN EDES.

.....  
1810.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

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*THIS valuable little work was originally written in Spanish, by a worthy patriot, Don Antonio de Capmany, to awaken the energies of his countrymen, and to unite them in the glorious cause of their independence against the tyrannical usurper of Europe. It was written for Spaniards, but it well deserves the particular attention of all nations, as it is truly a Sentinel, who, watching their liberties, now sounds the alarm on the approach of the enemy, and points out to them the deceitful art he makes use of, in his attack against their political existence, and the direful consequences of trusting to his words and promises. Americans! read it with attention, and learn that your security depends more on a perfect knowledge of his wily politicks, and a firm determination not to be deceived by them, than on the distance which separates you, at present from his infernal grasp.*



THE  
ANTI-GALLICAN SENTINEL.

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**THIS** is not the time for a man who can brandish his lance, to stand inactive with folded arms; nor for him who possesses the gift of speech, to remain mute, when by using it, he can both instruct and animate his countrymen. Our precious liberty is threatened, our country is in danger, and calls aloud for defence. Let us all from this day be soldiers; some with the sword and others with the pen. The day has come, when the throbbings of our hearts can be distinctly heard. Happy am I that I have arrived at that time of life, in which every good man and every virtuous citizen, uninfluenced by the hope of fortune and unshaken by the fear of death, should remain constant to himself, and faithful to his conscience. Of me, what would my country say? What would my silence augur in the minds of good men and of bad men? That I should now change! That I, who, for so many years, have never taken up my pen nor employed my zeal but for the honour and glory of my country, that I should now lie torpid, without a sign of life or animation! and this at the very moment, when the enemy of Europe threatens us with slavery, and revolves in his mind our destruction! To arms, to arms, and may the blessing of God await the noble design of so holy an undertaking.

Considering the variety of publications, in prose and verse, issued both within and without the court, since the retreat of the French troops, what title could I give to my work, without repeating some of those already used at this epoch, when the publick mind was alleviating itself from the burden which oppressed it? Recollecting, however, that among our pamphlets, there is one entitled, Sentinel against Jews, I thought it a proper title to apply to that against the Frenchmen of the present day, whose religious sentiments are worse than those of the Jews, and their actions more cruel than savages, from the time that they have permitted the impious and atrocious Napoleon to conduct their regeneration. Prostration at his vile feet, is by them esteemed honor, happiness, and glory; and gratifies in no small degree their vanity and national pride. At his feet they adore his execrable name with fear and trembling, and kiss with the most profound

respect, the imperial chains, with which his imperial majesty has gradually bound them into an imperial fraternity. Their late republick and former Christianity he has banished from their minds, and formed the great family of select slaves, who at present compose the French empire. Their august emperor has remained free ; the abortive offspring of a small island, the benign disposition of whose inhabitants has become a proverb ; *they give no pardon until enclosed in the arms of death.*

Although the office of sentinel may now appear unseasonable among my countrymen, who by fatal experience have been undeceived with respect to the depraved intentions of the atrocious Corsican, who under the guise of an intimate ally, had drained completely our resources, and under that of protector, now wished to deprive us of what little still remained to us ; it will not be useless, nor untimely to prepare ourselves against any fear or distrust, which the power of his arms, the fame of his past victories, and the decrees of his vengeance, might infuse into pusillanimous minds. It will not be improper to exclude every hope of peace or amnesty, proposed by his perfidious policy, and supported by his intimate counsellors, whose iniquity equals that of their master ; for never has H. I. and R. majesty been known to err in the choice of his ministers, nor in that of his faithful generals, who execute his odious precepts not only as good servants, but as faithful slaves.

I well foresaw, some years back, upon consideration of the system pursued by this fortunate usuper, in the course of his conquests, that Spain would not be the last object of his insatiable ambition ; that sooner or later he would invade her, and would attempt this as soon as he had put to death the other crowned heads, in order to invest himself with the title of "*King of kings* ;" a name assumed by the vain and proud Tygranes, when dazzled by the resplendency of his own power. But I confess that I was mistaken, and that I lost the game, although with a good hand, by supposing that he would suspend his invasion, through fear of losing the dominions of the two Americas ; particularly as that would stop up the channel through which, the gold and silver of the new world could alone flow into France, during a general peace ; and through which, its rich productions could be sent in return for European manufactures.

But at length his natural impatience, his mistaken confidence, and the ignorance of his wise counsellors, who breathe no other air than that which he permits them, hurried him on to the consummation of his wicked project, which, as soon as he was freed from enemies on the continent, he



hastened; after having enjoyed, as if it had been an estate of his own, the resources of our treasury, under the sanction of that fatal and disgraceful treaty of perpetual alliance, which our ignorant and timid Godoy, concluded and signed with the mercenary directory, many years previous to his turning traitor to his country. The evils, misfortunes, and calamities which we have and do still suffer, are dated from that imprudent and ignominious act, the prelude to the wisdom and diplomatick sagacity of the bright prince of peace. The helm of this great monarchy was committed to his inexperienced and unpropitious hand; and there it remained until he himself wrecked both vessel and crew, and at the same time sunk them to the bottom.

By that violent treaty, Spain remained forever the slave and tributary of France. From that time, this monarchy has been politically subdued, and has ever been treated as such by the government of France. Her ambassadours flattered us upon their first arrival, next threatened us, and finally took their leave; after being loaded with treasures and with presents, and rich in the knowledge of our miseries, created by the ignorance and weakness of our government. This was deposited with absolute power in the torpid arms of that dissolute body guard, who only opened them day or night, to enfold again the charms of beauty prostituted to the lust of a christened Ottoman, who sold, for such costly sacrifices, the favours, the honours, and the offices of the state. As the Corsican, whilst consul, and afterwards, whilst emperor, was unwilling that one alone should milk the cow, he changed his messengers very frequently, sending others with new instructions and more insolent pretensions. Thus he divided among many the fruits of his interested missions, and each one carried home to his beloved France, a part of the substance of the despised Spain.

In consequence of that infamous treaty, we have twice been obliged to make war with England, suffering at each time incalculable losses in our commerce, our navigation, our navy, and our manufactures: interrupting our communication with the Indies, the patrimony of the Spanish empire, and separating the brothers of this peninsula from those of that hemisphere, after having inherited for three centuries the language, the laws, the honour, and the religion of Spain.

By that infamous treaty we had to arm and maintain auxiliary squadrons, to lose them in every engagement, in which, by the orders of the most wise Napoleon, we were to combine our maritime forces with the French, or to protect his extravagant naval projects, in which fortune was less pro-

pitious to him than on land. His treachery could there have no effect. To assist our intimate friend and ally, our navy has in six years been destroyed with the loss of eight three deckers, twenty-six ships of the line, and as many frigates; our arsenals have been annihilated, millions sacrificed, and the lives of upwards of 20,000 sailors thrown away. We shudder at the very name of Trafalgar; the ignorance, petulance, and impatience of the French, supported by the inconsiderate and irresolute Godoy, forced us to engage in that fatal action. Bonaparte incessantly pressed the departure of the great expedition; not to fight, but to carry our vessels to Toulon: from the very moment they left Cadiz they no longer belonged to Spain, nor were they to return thither. Oh! that the sea could swallow them, or fire consume them, if so many thousands of souls could be saved, rather than that our forces should augment those of the tyrant, who was afterwards to attempt our subjugation. In short, if it were possible for us to shut our hearts against grief and compassion, we gained on that fatal day, a victory over Napoleon who could not succeed in his perfidious plan of getting quiet possession of our vessels, of receiving our crews safe within his ports, and defraying with our treasury the immense expenses of maintaining them. This was a fresh leech, sucking up the blood of our nation and which was to fatten the great bandit of Europe.\*

In consequence of that infamous treaty, Napoleon extorted from us in money the subsidy of troops, since at the annual rate of twelve millions of dollars, he found it more to his advantage to be paid in money than in provisions. He demanded of us those remittances, with a tone of authority, like that of sovereigns towards their subjects, and threatened us with conquest upon the least delay. His pride, however, increasing with his power, and our timidity with our weakness, he took from us our money, provisions, and squadrons.

In consequence of that shameful treaty, Godoy attacked on the one side by the British government, who would not permit the dragon of France to fatten upon our millions, and threatened on the other side, with the anger of that dragon in case of disobedience; instead of denying him with firmness, and calling to arms one hundred thousand Spaniards, none of whom would have been carried to the north, as they afterwards were, and relying upon the forces of England who would have made common cause with us; he preferred

\* Thus has Bonaparte seized the American ships and cargoes which entered France, and given ample proof, that, if he had the means, he would seize all that swim on the ocean, or in our own harbours.



quarrelling with the English cabinet, and even proceeded so far as to have boasted to the minister, who then resided in Madrid, that he would send to Napoleon sixty thousand Spaniards to assist in the invasion of England. What incalculable misfortunes this first diplomatick contention showered upon us ! In the first three months of the war, the nation lost in vessels, cargoes, and money, upwards of forty millions of dollars.

But I will be told, how is it, that Godoy, who was the instrument of our ruin, even before he became a traitor ; who was provoking war, and could not but see that an open rupture was at hand ; who could not but perceive the danger of war on the ocean, how is it that he did not send advices in time and with secrecy, to America to the Canaries to meet our return ships, with orders to suspend all navigation and avoid so much ruin ? But what could we expect from that ideot, who took no counsel but from his own ignorance, and who in three quarters of an hour, half standing, half sitting, his segar in one hand, and pinching some beauty, to whom he was devoted, with the other, despatched the immensity of business of the two worlds, some by word of mouth like an oracle, and some by short and obscure decrees like a tyrant ?

A few days before this precipitated rupture with the British minister, which degenerated into personal disputes and insults, this favourite, had he not been destitute of sense, and devoid of judgment, could have delivered Spain forever from the heavy yoke of that ruinous treaty, which he himself permitted our necks to receive from the French government, as much our friends then as they are now.\* See with what uprightness of intention their articles are worded, as laconick as they are ambiguous, the better to conceal the malice and deceit of their contexture, under a studied brevity and apparent simplicity of clauses, drawn out and dictated at Paris, the same as our late wise *constitution* : without having given us in either case, any other trouble than that of translating and signing them. Oh France ! when Pagan, when Christian, when a monarchy, when a republick, both enlightened and barbarous ; both free and enslaved, thou art always the systematick enemy of Spain ! And you Spaniards, ever honourable and noble, you are always deceived !

Magnanimous sons of this noble land, the hour has now arrived when you must be regenerated by your own hands,

\* The same quarrel is urged on the United States, and the rupture of the negotiation with mr. Jackson, the British minister, was announced in the Paris papers within *four days* of the time it happened at Washington, whilst the amicable mission of Don Onis, the Spanish minister, is rejected altogether.



and not by those of the impious despot, who came here to rob you of your liberty. The hour has now arrived, when you can shake off the burden which crushed you, by making war upon the great Napoleon: great in pride, great in perfidy, and great in cruelty. War alone could break the base and galling chains which held you bound.

By war we shall avenge at once, the many insults we have suffered for twenty years in succession, and the evils which had depressed us, and nearly sunk our nation. Napoleon saw that this fate was nigh at hand, as he himself informs us in his proclamations, that we might give to him thanks for his bad news, and his consolation. In fact, nobody could know our misery better than he who had caused it: thus let him keep for his own subjects the remedy which his innate beneficence, and notorious compassion had prepared for us. How many of us would he already have destined to clean the boots of his brutal cuirasseurs, or light the pipes of his impure and insolent Mamelukes.

War will open to us our ports, which have been shut for three years, in obedience to the barbarous and impolitick decrees of the enraged Napoleon, who had turned into a gloomy desert, all the harbours and sea-coasts of Europe, in order to *blockade* and starve England, according to his boasting decree; whilst he left every sea both known and unknown, open to her commerce and subject to her power. How profound, how wise a politician! How nice a calculator: to take out both his eyes that he might deprive his enemy of one! Lest the enemy should enter into his house, shut up the doors, and remain locked in, without being able to receive succour from without, though deprived of subsistence himself, his friends and allies. To this dreadful extreme he had reduced us, without being our sovereign. That upon the coasts of usurped France, he should order the ports and gates to be shut, in the same manner as he had already ordered the obedient slaves of his despotism to shut their mouths; this was no more than using his supreme authority, derived from their consent. But to exercise it in Spain, obliging us by a hasty decree dated at Varsovia, to perish through hunger and misery, without any communication, either directly or indirectly, with any of the other nations of the world, requires an uncommon degree of insolence and pride, in him to attempt it, and implies in our miserable government, dishonoured by the insensibility of Charles, and the inability of his proud-puffed favourite, an humiliation and a degree of patience, still more uncommon, to tolerate and obey it.

War will renew to us our former commerce and intercourse with England, joyous to be reconciled with us, know-

ing as she does, that we, having become the sport of the caprice of a monster, took no part either in the war, or in peace: desirous also of receiving our produce from either hemisphere, our productions of nature and art, our wool, our friendship, and our frank and generous treatment, so congenial to their own. We, relying on their power and assistance, and she, upon our valour, constancy and union, we will form a natural and strong alliance, foment a common vengeance, and swear an eternal hatred against the common enemy of the continent, against that debased and dishonoured France, enslaved, impoverished, and wasted, by an adventurous tyrant, who has converted her inhabitants into armed robbers, the natural enemies of mankind.

War will restore to us our navigation, refit our shattered navy, repair our declining manufactures, enliven our decayed industry, and restore to us our traffick by sea and land. An end will be put to the smuggling through the Pyrenees, by converting our peninsula into an island: we will no longer see so many pale-faced mantua-makers and pedlars, who infected our cities, like swarms of locusts. Our dear neighbours will no longer import to us any of their superb manufactures, no longer run in tobacco in their cannons and howitzers, in the covered waggons and among the equipage of their indecent generals, smugglers upon their entrance, and robbers upon their departure from Spain.\*

This war, terrible but salutary, the instrument of our eternal prosperity, will prevent the further inoculation of their impious philosophy among us, and stop the further progress of the corruption of morals, exhaling from their poisonous books, which have done so much damage to our youth, transforming both men and women into mimicks of their language, their ideas, and their fictitious, theatrical morality; for among Frenchmen every thing is a farce, beginning with virtue. That set of people whom we call wise and enlightened, were all natives of Spain, but the hearts of a great part of them were in France, that is, enamoured with their books, they had married their authors; and how could that marriage produce defenders of their countries which they never loved? We will treat as friends with the Moors, who neither hate nor despise us, and preserve to us

\* A sample of this species of smuggling, is presented us in the enormous stipend furnished to *raise an Imperial Prince* at the seat of the American government, under pretence of providing for the wife of Jerome Bonaparte, who had been left to subsist on the bounty of her father for years; and another in the introduction of an officer of rank and a number of inferiors, as *the crew of a vessel* which has long since sailed for France again.



inviolable, a confidence unknown to the infamous government of France. They will supply us with wheat, poultry, and cattle, if we want it, and furnish us with horses for war. They will not come to deprive us of the bread which they have to excess, nor of wine which they do not drink, but will send us dates, honey, and wax, instead of bullets, gall, and flames given to us by the most christian French.

By this war we will receive the produce and treasures of America, which have been detained for four years ; we will again plough the ocean, opening the communication between the two Indies, and renewing our maritime intercourse, of which the barbarous Napoleon has deprived us, since the time that he chained us to the car, of his fatal and barren glory.\*

This war will make us true Spaniards again ; that is, we will again be brave, again serious and sedate. We will have a country, we will love it, and defend it, without requiring that the tyrannical protector of the confederation of the Rhine, extend to us his protection. We will recover our former customs, those which rendered us invincible by arms, or foreign policy. We will sing our own songs, dance our own dances, and dress in our ancient style. Those who call themselves gentlemen, will ride noble spirited horses, instead of playing the piano, and representing sentimental dramas at their own houses after the manner of the French. We will again speak the pure language of our ancestors, which already began to be corrupted in the midst of such great richness, patched up with French jargon. Our language will again become fashionable, when the genius and abilities of the Spaniards produce works worthy of posterity, and when morality and policy, whose jurisdiction we are going to establish, appear in the Spanish dress and language.

By this war, we will regain, not some transmarine possessions, which would occasion fresh wars ; but what is more glorious and valuable, our name, that name formerly so much respected, both by civilized and barbarous nations. We will recover our former physical and moral strength, which forms the political power of governments, and we will increase it by new fundamental laws, founded upon firm and eternal bases. We will give the example of wisdom to the other nations of Europe, as we now do of fortitude and valour, in the recovery of our lost liberty. In this heroic enterprise we have the honour of being the first who have attempted it.

\* So was his general blockade enforced on America, without any resistance, unless that can be called resistance which was sanctioned and applauded by himself, the embargo.



Let the nations of the enslaved continent learn the art of breaking the galling chains which they suffer. We will teach them how to conquer, or how to die rather than be conquered.

By this war, we will clear our calendar of the filthy names of the reigning families of Napoleon, and of his crowned satellites. We will recover the liberty of publishing our Court Gazette of our own materials, or at our own will, and not dictated at the pleasure of the French ambassadors, who tied the hands of the composer, in all articles concerning the political and military news of the rest of the world; the lying *Moniteur and Publiciste* of Paris were servilely to be copied, being the only papers which were permitted to be read, or from which extracts might be taken. This strict subordination, not to say slavery, our government was for some years obliged to suffer, and forced to keep the nation deceived and in error, ignorant of the political state of Europe, of those actions, which disfigured the publick prints of France, and of those which the same prints concealed; mentioning nothing but with the permission and in conformity with the orders of their government.

By this war, the only safety of our country, we will be freed from the dreadful danger of perishing with hunger, to increase our misfortunes, if heaven had not favoured us with an abundant harvest, the last and present year. For the decrees of the barbarous and furious enemy of England, had shut our ports against every banner, before he attempted to subdue us by arms. In case of necessity, we could hope for assistance neither from Turks nor Christians, owing to the reprisals and indignation of England. How dreadful was the prospect which presented itself to my imagination when to increase the more my fears, I saw legions of devils or of Frenchmen, coming in to devour our substance!

What would already have become of us, if the scarcity and misery of the year 1804 had been repeated, when we were charged with the additional weight of our sparing and compassionate guests, from whose tables we might, like dogs, have begged a crust of bread? For nine months, before any sign of hostility, the two provinces of Castile were burthened with them, at the daily rate of 200,000lbs. of bread, 5000 bushels of barley, 70 tons of straw, and 100,000 pounds of beef. To this must be added the waste, occasioned by the violence of their arbitrary exactions.

This war will prevent our having any others, as for the two last centuries, they have all been either for or against France. As her territory lies between ours and the other nations of Europe, we will not be able to embrace them as

brothers, but will extend to them our hands, by means of the maritime ports that the Spanish flags shall visit; through these channels we will communicate to them our efforts, our example and our eternal friendship, against the common tyrant, the scandal of the earth.

This war will free us from the vexation and disgust of listening to a tiresome croud of presumptuous egotists, of philosophers, moralists and politicians all at once; who, without injury to those which might afterwards come, were introducing among us, *central and elementary schools, institutes and establishments of beneficence*, new names instead of the old Spanish ones, houses of benevolence, piety or charity. Their object was to form our minds and hearts after the modern French. They had already introduced among us, as a mystery of the second redemption of the human race, a certain mechanical regeneration of youth under the immediate protection of the puerile, frivolous, vain and whimsical generalissimo of sea and land: who, not satisfied with having debauched every male and female, who had any thing to expect from his favour, wished at last that the mothers should make fools of themselves and machines of their children. It was necessary that they should have sticks and cards in order to think and rule, and masters to jump like mountain goats, or climb like monkeys. How just was the observation of a poor woman upon hearing of these exercises and accomplishments; "this appears to me, to be a school for thieves." To flatter his highness the protector, the parents looked upon themselves as happy, if they could succeed in committing their tender children, to this bedlam of madmen, whence they would come out, stupid, foolish and distempered. And shall we after this be surprised, that the ancient Carthaginians, sacrificed so many children to the idol Moloch to appease him! But here our idol became tired of holocausts, the same as they were wearied of every thing, and sent off our altar and despatched our sacrificers. We only wanted that another set of philanthropists should set up an amphitheatre of *craneology*, that the female sex at court might have motives for philosophising or prattling.

In short, by this war, we will become better Christians. Accustomed in adversity to lift up our eyes to heaven to implore its favour, and in prosperity to return to him thanks, true piety will take root, will grow and will flourish, and will be matured in our children.

Spaniards of all sexes, ages, and conditions, I speak to you all. Do not think that in this most holy war, we are working for our children or our grandchildren. It interests us still more intimately. We are fighting for ourselves and for



our own existence. Know, that Napoleon hurries on so fast in military exploits, that he may leave nothing for his successors to do ; and it appears that he labours to enjoy, during life, the incense of posthumous fame. Let us quickly cut the wings of the eagle.

This war differs materially from any we have hitherto sustained, either at home or abroad, in its nature, its object, its cause, and its consequences. In its origin it is defensive ; and thus it depends not upon our desires, nor can our arms effect its continuance : its nature demands more vigilance and constancy, and a great degree of severity against the negligent, the wavering or the suspicious. We must conquer or live in slavery. In the war of the succession with which Spain was afflicted, the question was not to defend either our country, our religion, our laws, our constitution, our property, or our lives, since none of these was endangered by the contest. The only dispute was, which of the two pretenders to the crown of Spain should remain in possession of it : under the supposition that it could not but devolve upon one of the two ; the male line of the reigning family being extinct. The nation was divided into two parties, as there were two rivals ; but no one was unfaithful to the nation in general, nor the enemy of his country. They called one another traitors and rebels, without either being so in reality. They all were, and wished to be Spaniards, as much those who acclaimed Charles of Austria, as those who supported Philip of Bourbon. It was a family dispute between two most noble princes, either of whom was worthy to occupy the throne of Spain. The nation lost neither its honour, its independence nor its liberty with one or the other of them. The crown changed property, but the monarchy remained unhurt. The question now is, to lose the whole at the hands of an infamous conqueror, who having robbed us of our legitimate sovereign, deprives us of the right and use of national sovereignty. The Romans in their civil wars, defended the republick, not against a tyrant, nor a foreign power, intending to impose upon them the yoke of their arms and their laws, but against some of their own citizens, who aspired to raise themselves to the government. The first might be disgraceful, the second might be a misfortune. Civil war might be an internal evil, the publick liberty might be lost, but the Roman people could not be conquered by another power. Sylla and Marius, Cæsar and Pompey were Romans, they were companions and warriors. Cromwell, an Englishman, ruled over Englishmen, but he did not come from without to subdue them. Robespierre, a Frenchman, ruled and tyrannized over the French nation ;

and Bonaparte, a French general, usurped the supreme command, without invading the territory of the republick with foreign armies. It would be more tolerable and less ignominious, that the vain Godoy should have raised himself to the monarchy, by the assistance of our troops, gained over or deceived by him, than a foreigner assisted by the troops of another power, should come to subdue a monarchy of no less importance than the glorious Spanish nation. The thoughts of it alone insult and confound me.

We have already seen the demeanor, dispositions and conduct of the troops and generals, whom the false Napoleon has sent to subject us. They are worse than barbarians by birth, possessing all the vices and malice of a civilized nation, but destitute of the candour of savages.

I would look upon the Moors as less to be feared and less odious ; for they neither dissemble what they are, nor feign what they are not. They believe in God, and in eternal glory and punishment. Some moral virtue can be expected from them. They would raise their mosques, and would leave to us our temples and religious exercises ; they would take from us our bells, not through avarice, but through religion : we would pay our tributes, and they would not prevent us from praying to the Lord ; neither would they give us the impious example of incredulity. I repeat it, that I would rather be conquered by Moors than by Frenchmen ; for it is less mortifying to suffer hatred than contempt.—When the Africans landed in Spain, they entered as enemies, as conquerors, as propagators of the Alkoran. They deceived us neither with pretences nor with professions of friendship or protection. They broke no compact of alliance, as none existed between us ; they were not wanting in their word, as they had not offered it : they took us unawares, but did not deceive us. In addition to this, the invasion of the Moors was effected by water, and their passage across being once cut off by our naval forces, their hopes of reinforcements from Africa were entirely baffled. Even in this situation, it took seven hundred years to expel them finally from our country. Let us now consider, when would Spain be able to free herself from these unbelieving conquerors, whilst their communication with their mother country remained open, and upon the same continent ?

On the other hand, it appears that Napoleon's supply of soldiers will be inexhaustible, until Europe shall break off all communication with him. We are perfectly aware, that his armies are not composed of Frenchmen alone, but consist also of the troops of those sovereigns, who are so fortunate as to be his allies, or in other words, his feudatories or



slaves. They are also composed of the conscripts of the states and republics of Italy, whose impotency and weakness have induced him to incorporate them in the territory of the French empire, now extending to the limits of the Ottoman empire. In his armies, the military system, the tactics, and the language in which orders are issued, alone are French. The systematick rapacity with which they plunder, their inhuman violence and the impiety of their sentiments are truly French.

There is little reason to expect, as long experience can establish, that a Frenchman will become weary of the fatigues and dangers of the campaign. Take him from home in tears, and he will return singing, and throwing out menaces. Neither can we hope that the justice of our cause will unbend him: war appears to be his element, it inspires him in battle. At one time he exposes his life for the crown, at another against it; to-day in the cause of liberty, to-morrow in the cause of despotism. He goes to war like the horse; he is encouraged by the trumpet, and mounted by a Christian trooper, flies against the Turk: the horseman is dismounted, the Turk jumps upon him, and he starts with his new rider against the Christian. Among the chiefs the case is different: yesterday they eat with wooden spoons, and to-day are dissatisfied with the service of plate, which their landlord lays before them. Yesterday they were so low, that they could not be distinguished in the dust, and to-day are raised upon the shoulders of fortune to the summit of honours, and to the oriental pomp of riches, the fruit of the rapines and extortions, which cry out to heaven for vengeance.

Ask the French why they endured the first acts of the absolute despotism of Bonaparte; they will answer that tired of shedding the blood of their children, their brothers, and their relations, they suffered every thing rather than to be involved in the horrors of another revolution. Whilst they plead this dread, with a contradiction truly characteristick of the French, they deliver up these same children, these same brothers and relations, that a million of youth may be sacrificed at a distance from their country; not for the glory nor the defence of their nation, which is not attacked, but to satiate the fierce ambition of an adventurous islander, who first subjected France, that he afterwards might subdue other kingdoms.

I am not now undeceived for the first time: long since I prognosticated the fatal consequences, which our country might one day experience from the iniquity of this crafty tyrant. For many years I have been a silent sentinel; I saw into the malignity and hypocrisy of his designs, from

the first peace of Campo Formio, when, after having turned the republick of Venice into a democracy, he delivered her up to the emperor of Austria, at the very time that their proclamations called all the kings of the earth, despots and tyrants. From that time I doubted the moderation, and the simplicity of his democracy. This new general served the republick, that he might afterwards subdue her with greater facility. With this intention he remained in Italy, converting it into miniature republicks, deceiving and robbing its inhabitants, and paying men of talents to run from one city to another, like so many apostles of liberty. I still recollect the pathetick harrangue which one Monge delivered before the little pacifick republick of St. Marino. The great calamities which his hypocritical heart might occasion to those whom he had seduced, began then to be feared, and since then have been verified with grief and terror. Where he planted with so much ceremony the tree of liberty, he has since erected gibbets to the memory of his paternal kindness. Do you give thanks to him for the felicity and tranquillity which you now enjoy, you Piedmontese, Genoese, Milanese, Venetians, Bolognese, and Parmesans, since he has even deprived you of your name, in order to confound you in the great herd of his subjects.

The precipitate and ill-judged peace which we concluded with the French republick in 1795, gave to this intrepid adventurer, the command of the French troops in Catalonia, which he was to lead to the invasion of Italy. Here was the first theatre of his talents, here his first military triumphs were achieved. They may in some measure be attributed to the disposition of the minds of those people, and to the unwillingness of the troops to sacrifice themselves against a cause, which flattered so much at first, those who reasoned upon it, and those who were in suffering.

Burning with impatience and despairing to be able to consummate his ambitious plans, he sets out for Egypt, without any object in view, or any motive for his voyage; he takes Malta with the noise of a dozen of broad sides; and owing to a plan of treason, concerted with the French knights, he leaves that island and city, which under the order was impregnable, and exposes it to be afterwards taken by his enemies the English. He arrives at Alexandria, and loses his squadron; he goes up to Cairo, bathes in the Nile, visits the pyramids, makes some genuflexions in the mosque, and returns to Europe, perfectly scourged, in order afterwards to become her executioner.

With the modesty of a Roman he proclaims himself consul at Paris, because the title of king or of dictator, would



at that time have been detestable. But who conferred upon him this new authority? In the first place it was the bayonets of his colleagues, and then a constitution draughted by himself, and drawn out and signed by a dozen of his associates. To call himself First Consul, when three were invested with this ridiculous title, was calling himself in fact the only one; the other two being nothing more than assistants. Under the pretext of treason and conspiracies, he establishes his consulship for life; again under the pretext of others he renders it perpetual and hereditary.

With gigantic steps he was advancing towards a more pompous and more elevated title; one which might confer upon him greater power, more vanity, and a better right to his ambition. He wished to possess the controul of Europe, and convert her into a patrimony of the empire of France. With the title of consul alone, he could not attempt it, since it did not extend without the territory of the republick.— Vain and perishable name! Still preserved by a nation, which soon after, called herself *great*; and which now is a great herd of wild beasts, kept by Napoleon the First. With the title of emperor he conquered France and her dependencies: he invaded and struck terror into every state, that could oppose him; and using the more moderate but prouder name of protector, he subdued those nations, which he found it inconvenient to reduce with the former title. Under this cloak H. I. M. protects other royal majesties and ducal highnesses, who have the honour of being his prime vassals. An aid-de-camp of his high constable Savary may one day call them to Paris, to put on his spurs and hold his stirrup on a day of parade.

The same power that conferred upon him the consulship made him likewise emperor. Every one knows how he planned this violent, illegal and pretended election. He called himself then, and still calls himself emperor of the French, and not of France. What can be the object of this name, for all his words contain some mystery? Can it be to flatter the vanity of his new subjects, who he knows can be easily deceived by appearances. Can it be, that under this name he wishes to rule in all those countries through which his numerous and roving troops are dispersed and extended; for there is no territory in Europe, which is not defiled with the footsteps of his soldiers? And almost every nation of Europe containing some armed Frenchmen, who have the command of their towns, Napoleon becomes in fact the emperor of them all.

Spain and Portugal alone were wanting to the number of happy countries comprehended within the imaginary and un-

limited circuit of the French empire. Napoleon, to whom the world already appears too small (though he might be thrust into a mouse-hole,) could not suffer that the west should still remain free and independent, and not acknowledge him as lord. He sent troops; they entered into Spain, and as they never travel for nothing, they first take possession of one kingdom and then of another, without either declaring war or even threatening hostilities. They are actuated alone by that principle of new established right; that wherever French soldiers put their foot, their emperor must command.

The whole world knows, and can yet scarcely believe the iniquity and violence, with which this emperor, without either honour or conscience, seized upon Portugal. His perfidy and baseness, in the usurpation of the crown of Spain, are still more incredible. Without having put his foot in the country, he makes it over, like a paternal inheritance, to his beloved brother Joseph, under the feigned title of *king*: since, in fact, he was but vice-king, receiving his troops without the power of ordering a sergeant, his laws without daring to alter them, his orders without daring to disobey them, and his instructions without the power of interpreting them. Madrid would be the ostensible court, Paris would be the metropolis. There would be the ambassadours between the two courts, since etiquette demand it. The French one, would be an overseer and a zealot in our cabinet, and a boatswain over the people; the Spanish, an assistant at the imperial throne, and as a great mark of distinction would have the honour of attending on parade, with his hat in his hand, during the sunshine and rain. Publick treaties would be made, which would rather be the secrets between the emperor of Spain in Paris, and the vice-king of Spain in Madrid. It is easy to infer, that the Sultan would dictate to Beglier-Bey, and that we would take no other part, in all these diplomattick arrangements, than to translate them into Spanish.\*

After having seized upon Spain in a military manner, and delivered up to his brother the royal lieutenancy, it is not to be supposed that he would leave him intrusted to the fidelity of the Spaniards, as much suspected, as they had been injured. As much for his personal safety as for the tranquillity of the people, so necessary to him, and above all, to pre-

\* Thus in our negotiations at Paris for the late Spanish colony of Louisiana, had the American government practised what the author predicts, and happy would it be for us if the adjustment of boundaries could now be settled with those exclusively, who have the rightful ownership, and no sinister hostilities in view.



serve our ports and coasts against the invasions of England, so much decried the *common enemy*; he was willing to protect us with two hundred thousand men, to be left within our peninsula in cantonments and garrisons, maintained, clothed and fed by new contributions: this could be done without breaking any article of our constitution, because it contained none relating thereto. For this reason the great Amurat consoled us in an article in one of his Madrid papers, saying, that we should neither pay the fifths, nor raise levies in any of our provinces. This is evident, for we were to have no national army, according to the arrangements for security made by the conqueror.

As in this undertaking and plan of the emperor and king, the very christian-like and charitable plan of uniting the two nations was intended; it is to be presumed that there would have been reserved, at least, a military road from Bayonne to Lisbon, cutting off a strip, like the ox-hide of Strabo, of more than five or six leagues in breadth, for his troops to pass and re-pass. In Poland he reserves to himself one of the same kind, for his communication with Saxony, where he has another crowned vice-king.

By this simple and convenient arrangement, and owing to the necessity of continual reinforcements of his troops for our defence, he did not break the promise he had given, of preserving the indivisibility of this monarchy, and maintaining its independence. It is true, he did not dismember any province, nor cut off any part either of our coast or frontier, to incorporate with the French territory, or cede to any other sovereign; but he might easily reserve to himself, as a sort of provisional deposit and security, fortresses, posts, and mountains, and still keep up in appearance that *indivisibility*. By maintaining also his armies here, in the quality of auxiliaries, he left the word *independence* in its natural signification. But whose independence was meant by that; was it of the crown or of the subjects?

If the two nations were united, it would but be just, that as France sent to us her warlike youth for our protection, we should return her the favour, by putting ours at the disposal of her emperor, and thus repay her example of generosity. The only disadvantage in these exchanges would be, that fortune having given to the Spaniards a benign climate, and a country fertile in bread, wine, oil, and delicious fruits, this union would be their destruction; that is, they would go to perish under the wings of the imperial eagles, or perhaps waste away their lives in some country, where they would neither eat bread, taste wine, nor see the face of the sun for eight months during the year. This is the most cruel and barbarous of tyrannies.

History does not afford an instance of any conqueror's having compelled his captives to arm themselves, and forced them to fight against his enemies. It is infinitely better to give no quarters to such invaders, or die sword in hand, rather than afterwards use it in the service of so unmerciful a conqueror.

The Turks alone chain their Christian prisoners to the oar, but they do not force them to bear arms. Neither did the Saracens, who overran Spain, carry off the vanquished to make them fight in any of the wars, which they waged, either within or without our peninsula. Bonaparte either sells the prisoners of war, makes them serve under his banners, destines them to the publick works as if they were bought slaves, or leaves them to perish with hunger and misery. It is not his custom to permit, that those unfortunate persons, who fall alive into his hands, should become a charge to him. This was the case when the laws of nations were known and regarded; but this ferocious tyrant has put an end to every law, and wishes to annihilate all nations.\*

Execrable prodigy of nature! Amphibious between man and beast, Napoleon has rescued Caligula and Nero from infamy. Excess of power corrupted the latter, and yet he was six years breaking through the laws of decency and humanity. So long did it take for the goodness of his disposition and education to be perverted. But Napoleon, it seems, was bad before he had learned to be so, before he could be so, and even before he wished to be so. Engendered by Chaos, he conceals from us his father: he is the child of his own works alone. Oh Letitia!† what joy you announced to the world, on the day of your prodigious delivery! Before usurping the supreme command, he was a despot, and before a despot, he already was a tyrant.

He was born for the destruction of the human race. He saw that he had nails; he immediately assayed them for destruction, as the tyger does from a whelp. No human effort can tame him. He is not a domestick animal, he soon flies to the mountain and to the forest, he cannot live among people. He seeks the field of battle as the haunt of his ferocity, for the palace was not built for him. The field is his delight, and a regale to him; the smoke of powder is to him incense; the sight of dead bodies recreation; he sleeps upon mattresses of dead bodies; and we shall one day hear, that

\* For instance, without a declaration of war, and even whilst making professions of friendship, he imprisons American seamen, until by distress, they are compelled to enter on board his cruisers, and enforce his decrees against their native country.

† The mother of Bonaparte was called Letitia.



he eats human flesh, since he has not yet stopped in his career of barbarous pastimes. This inhuman wretch proclaimed to Europe, and was believed by the stupid Frenchmen, that in war he was seeking peace. I believe, that when he no longer has, with whom to make war, he then will have peace, except with himself. Then wretched he! Idleness would consume him. How would he pass his time, with one hand over the other? He has but one passion, and that drowns all others. He wishes to rule over the earth, even should he remain in it alone: he then will beg wings from the devil, and fly up to conquer the moon.

Some wise men have said, that life is very short, considering what man has to learn; but I add that it is very long for what we have to suffer. What would become us, if the life of this tyrant were not subject to the common fate of mortality? From his children the world will have nothing to fear. Nature has already taken care that all monsters should be unfruitful.

He acknowledges no curb to his perfidy and cruelty: he neither has any religion to restrain him, a conscience to accuse him, nor a shame to make him blush; the hatred of nations does not terrify him, as he wants not their good opinion, since, in his eyes, they no longer exist. He will say to himself, since I can get all I will have all. He reckons upon fortune, as Cæsar did; but Bonaparte takes better care of his life than Cæsar. Among the other favours which he owes to fortune, is the health which he enjoys; in a sufficient degree to deprive the whole world of its quiet. He lives sickly, yet is never sick; and thus the sobriety which in another would be a virtue, is in him necessity or constitution.

They say that he eats fast: a property of wolves and of foxes. They say also that he sleeps but little, I do not doubt it; it is the torment of all tyrants, to see at all hours a sword suspended above their heads, threatening them every moment with destruction. The same happens with misers, who in general are early risers; for they are ever on the watch against thieves, and fly from their own shadow.

He can love no country, nor no nation; they all belong to him, and none is his own. Wherever he can find soldiers, that is his country. If he were expelled to-morrow from France, to preserve his command, he would go with his army, if he could, to Morocco. Did he not go to Egypt, to proclaim himself sovereign, and to swear upon the Alcoran, so as not to subject himself to the directory? He neither has a determined country, or religion; he makes use of any which can answer his ends.

He has the impudence to call himself emperor by the grace of *God*, whom he neither loves, fears, nor acknowledges : he would do better to say, by the patience of God and of men. He gave himself his title, and put, with his own hands, the imperial crown on his head. He has made himself what he is, and how sorry he must be, that he cannot make himself a corpulent Nembrot, to frighten with his figure, and strike dead, when he should get angry, three ministers one day, three senators another, and three generals a third. His imperial and royal majesty, they say, sometimes rages like a wild boar, and the roughness of his words and his voice well declare his mildness and amiability.

His device is an eagle, when it should be a tyger ; and the eagle is so poorly represented, that it appears more like a kite darting upon its prey, than like a noble and generous bird. It is a proper symbol of the rapacity of his mischievous heart. He changes his first name and then his surname ; and the new name he afterwards converts into an eternal surname for his most august family, and his relations in the transverse, diagonal, and adopted lines ; with the design of making Napoleons of all the crowned heads, which he intends to leave, or spawn upon the face of the earth.

This hero, so called by his vile and mercenary editors, (as he could not become a man) adds ferocity to vanity. As he can never be contented nor satiated with decorations and titles, to-morrow he will call himself Napoleon-Kan, a Tartar name, which he has for a long time merited. *Augustus Cæsar* is a name which is very well known, and much handled by students. *Pharaoh* and *Nebuchadnezzar* sound like holy writ. Sultan and Caliph savour of the Arabick, and he preserves against those people a certain resentment for some joke in Egypt. Let him call himself at once King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, and let this be the last blasphemy of his ambition and arrogance. The title, which his actions most justly entitle him to, is the *scourge of God*, which nobody can dispute with him, and which he deserves more than the atrocious Attila.

I have said it, and I now repeat it, that the three terrible epochs in the annals of the world are, the deluge, the birth of Mahomet, and the birth of Bonaparte. The former pretended to convert all religions into one, and the latter all nations, that he might be at the head of it. The former preached the unity of God with the cymeter, and the latter does not name him either as containing one or three persons ; but only preaches or causes to be preached his own divinity, permitting himself to be called *all-powerful*, by his infamous and sacrilegious adorers, the French periodical editors. He



at length thinks that he is so, and the cowardice and meanness of those nations, who has permitted him to subdue them has made him believe it. Spain alone has forced him to see and acknowledge to himself, that he was before and is now but a man, and a very little man, whom blind fortune has made great in the eyes of nations, terror-struck by the dread of his name, who reckon the greatness of power by the measure of atrocities.

A stone falling from a neighbouring mountain, knocked down the colossal statue of Nebuchadnezzar: it struck against the feet, where it was weakest. It is worthy of remark, that the only persons who have hitherto taken down the pride of the wisdom and power of this military hero, are precisely those whom he most despised, or whom he feared the least: a man at St. Jean D'Acre, who appeared more like a monk than a soldier; the barbarous and undisciplined Mamelukes; the rustick and brutal Cossacks; and the timid, lazy, and superstitious Spaniards, whom the French intrepidity and confidence, thought to be asleep. Europe sees it, and can scarcely believe it: our enemies thought that we were asleep, and it was they who were themselves dreaming it.

This is a kind of warfare, new to his victorious tacticks: it is a domestick war, it is a national war, it is a religious war, and finally, it is a war of men who were brave before they were soldiers. In Italy and Germany at the summons of a trumpet, the most respectable fortresses of Europe surrendered, as in Jericho, without having the walls destroyed. At all their posts and military encampments, they surrendered themselves prisoners, six thousand men in one place, ten thousand at another, fifteen thousand at another, and at Ulm thirty thousand. What I say of the Austrians, I say also of the Prussians.\* Bonaparte despatched in eight days the whole Prussian army consisting of 200,000 infantry and 40,000 cavalry; and before the end of a month, there neither existed a king of Prussia, nor a Prussian monarchy. Most astonishing and unheard of catastrophe, the cause of which it is not difficult to conceive: they were disaffected, they were cowards and traitors: there was an army, but there was no nation. Within Spain, those same troops, and victorious generals, cannot take open towns, defended by women and peasants badly armed, and only half clothed!

\* The reader will recollect that this was written previously to the last campaign, in which the Austrians retrieved their character for fidelity and bravery, and caused the invader to evacuate their territory without accomplishing the disbanding of their troops, the declared object on his part.

Let us at once be undeceived: all the fortresses have been taken, like Pampelona, Barcelona, and the citadel of Figueras, by bribes, or by treason. Thus fell Magdeburgh, Spandau, Stetin, &c. This is again the caprice of fortune, which is not yet tired of Napoleon. He does not know such a thing as a traitor, who would make him lose in one day, the fruit of a whole campaign. Even the slaves serve him with the strictest fidelity. Whilst the republick had so many domestic enemies, so many traitors, so many emigrants, and so many deserters from the patriotick standards, despotick tyranny has no reason to doubt the fidelity of its subjects! We could well perceive, that the emigrants, who found so much charity and so generous an hospitality among us, did not see that this was the hour to return to France, to reconcile themselves with the new tyranny; the nation, to whose distracted bosom they were returning, not being the same as that which they had before abandoned.

I do not only speak as to the armies; but neither in the cities nor in the political governments, has he suffered, nor does he fear the attempts, or even the intentions of a traitor. Even the strangers, whom he has dragged from their houses in irons, serve at his will and caprice. There is no longer in France, either a madman, a drunkard, a furious man, nor a fanatick, like those, who in other times sent four of their legitimate kings into the other world. Atrocious deeds, which the history of no other country mentions.

For eight years past, he has been promising peace to the French, and every day he departs more from the ways which lead to it. Notwithstanding this, he is not ashamed to permit himself to be flattered with the renown of *Pacifier* of the continent, and *Arbiter* of Europe. This last title flatters him the most. For one whole year he kept his new subjects, whom he did not then dare to call by this name, engaged and in uncertainty with respect to the plan of his invasion of England. He knew the difficulty and emptiness of the project, but he wished to entertain the people, that they might neither have the time, the opportunity, nor a motive for plotting against his person and his consular despotism. It was Paris and France that he wished to subdue; he succeeded, and secured from that moment, his usurped and tottering throne, from whence he was afterwards to rise to imperial sway.

Never was there a man, who promised more, and who has fulfilled less than Napoleon. He has not yet complied with his promise of engraving in letters of *massive gold*, the names of those brave men, who fell at Austerlitz, Jena, and Eyland. He probably did not think at that time, that the list of the killed would be so great; or perhaps has found



out since, that those who had received favours would not complain. Considering the anxiety and voracity with which his troops and generals threw their sacrilegious hands upon our treasures, we must imagine, that as he supposed all the gold, collected from his mines besides that collected by rapine, insufficient for so great an expense, he expected to make up a sufficient sum, by despoiling the temples of Spain and Portugal.

How could you expect, too kind and generous Spaniards, that they who treated with so much cruelty, the inoffensive and pacifick Portuguese, who had not even fired a musket against their unjust invaders, would use more pity towards you if you surrendered, or more clemency if you resisted? This example of his inhumanity, practised at the very doors of your houses, and his former cruelties in Italy and Germany, and other countries subject to the perfidy and violence of his arms, could not take from before your eyes, nor banish from your memory, the fate which awaited you.

Persons, undoubtedly, were not wanting, who blindly and credulously believed, even after the French troops had, by stratagem and surprise, taken possession of the fortresses on our frontier, that they were coming in peace and friendship. As to the former, I do not doubt it, because they wished to subdue us, without conquering us: to hope the latter from the common enemy of all nations is an absurdity. It was a still greater absurdity to believe, that the armies were going to the field of Gibraltar. Bonaparte thought as much upon the siege of that place, as the Sophi of Persia did: and was it for this that he inundated us with 150,000 men, besides 30,000 of our troops whom he could count upon as auxiliaries? Was it for this purpose, that he brought so great a train of field artillery, and so numerous and chosen a cavalry: preparations for scouting armies, and not for besiegers?

The idea of these forces being directed against Africa, is no less extravagant; but for what purpose? Against whom? With what transports, or when would they have been able to effect the passage of the Strait, without one ship or one frigate, in sight of the English squadrons, which would have given, as food to the fishes, every madman who embarked? Spain was the Africa, and we the Africans.

When we saw the military stations which they took in Castile, the hostile motion of their cantonments, their subsequent inaction, and the provision of biscuit, which they made among their *friends and allies*, as they called us, and in the granary of Spain, which supplied them with fresh bread, could we for a moment doubt that they came disposed for a war, both offensive and defensive, since their preparations

were equal to their precautions? It is true, they neither put the men to death, nor violated the women; neither plundered nor profaned the temples: but this was because it was not then their interest to irritate the people, but to impose upon them.

Some even believed, a little before Murat entered into Madrid, that the citadels on our frontier had been delivered up, as a deposit, to ensure the good treatment of the friends, who came to our assistance. The most artless and the most prejudiced, immediately perceived that treason had opened our doors to robbers. The infamy was too manifest for the minds to be at rest. Unhappy Spain! What nation has ever been so unfortunate, as that the shepherd himself should kill the dogs, and let the wolf safe into the sheepfold?

Take courage, and trust in God, you people of Barcelona! Genius and valour will bring ample assistance to you, and deliver you from the bitter oppression, which you suffer. Your case, certainly, is singular and most lamentable: future ages will wonder at it. Your restoration and the preservation of that beautiful city, now prostituted by the impure feet of those base soldiers of the treacherous Napoleon, is a duty of the brave and valiant Spaniards, and claims the assistance of our generous allies.

Every reflecting Spaniard, instructed by the political events, which have happened in Europe since the year 1800, ought to have known, from the line of conduct pursued by Napoleon, what we had to fear from his designs, when his armies were extending through our provinces. I foresaw the storm at a distance. The conduct of those spurious Spaniards, Izquierdo, and Herbas, who were enamoured with France, and possessed estates there, showed that the country which gave them their being, their riches, and their honours, was become to them a place of dangerous residence.

Moreover it was lately fashionable in Paris, to learn the Spanish language, to wish to be informed with respect to our literature, and the state of our sciences: the editors of the periodical papers solicited a correspondence with the wise men of our country. I also observed, that they no longer despised us, nor threw out against us, as they formerly were accustomed to do, the epithets of ignorant and superstitious. This sudden and uncommon moderation and courtesy, was in my mind a most certain proof of their new policy; for the writers in France always act at present with the advice of its rulers.

For some years back, they have bought our books; a thing before unknown, as the booksellers of Madrid can testify. They began also to translate into their language, some of our authors; a custom which had been lost during the



first years of the reign of Louis XIV. I also observed that some French travellers came to visit us, who showed great curiosity about every thing of ours: some as physical economists, and others as lovers of the noble arts: some came to measure degrees of the meridian, and perhaps were exploring our mountains, and our rough roads: others to seek out our mines of metals; some to study the keeping of our Marino sheep, and others the raising and breed of our horses: whilst others examined our publick establishments, our libraries, our museums, the collections of our famous painters, and the remains of the Roman and Arabick antiquities. They sought for information, and took notes and copies with so much eagerness, that they seemed rather to be making inventories, than satisfying their curiosity.

I also observed, that the first few days after the arrival of Murat at Madrid, some of his military and civil officers bought up all the Spanish and French dictionaries and grammars that could be found in our bookstores. The officers of the revenue particularly bought geographical maps, and inquired for statistick plans. What greater love or friendship could be wished from our neighbours, who would not leave a corner of our house, nor a piece of furniture, without visiting it with inexpressible satisfaction? I remarked that even men, whose appearance proved that they did not want to be instructed in these branches, asked for statements of our manufactures, or as they called them, *des tableaux des manufactures*.

This is very good, said some of the Spaniards at that time; very bad rather, said I, who did not ascribe to any affection, so much interest disguised under the veil of curiosity. Every one must know that Bonaparte has sworn in his *irrevocable decrees*, the extermination of the reigning branches of the Bourbon family. Thus he began with Naples, Parma, and Etruria, and has gone on with Portugal. Knowing this, how could we hope that Spain, the principal branch of the family, should be free from this ruin, nor that he could think of preserving it by ingrafting it with a shoot, which he was stripping completely? I confess, however, that between hope and doubts, I was led to believe, that he might possibly put it into execution, since it was the only means of preventing the loss of the Americas.

On the other hand, I saw the strange anxiety, evinced by a Frenchman to obtain the editing of our Court Gazette, offering an annual indemnification to the royal printing office. It appeared to be a mercantile speculation of some individuals, and it was nothing less than a plan contrived with great policy, by the French government, cloaked under the ap-

pearance of a private concern. But the solicitude of the ambassador Beauharnois, and his official letters in favour of the agents of this undertaking, and of the introduction of a new periodical paper, entitled, *La Abeja Espanola*, published at Paris, plainly discovered the true designs of this hypocritical ambassador, a most faithful executor and co-operator in the perfidious and malicious designs of his august master and brother-in-law, the emperor. This part he has fulfilled, from the day he entered Madrid like an indecent vagabond, until that in which, after having just fitted up a new house with great pomp, and oriental splendour, he suddenly disappeared like a villain, who has just committed a crime. In fact, he had now concluded his last commission.

Were not all these acts preludes to the approach of that hour, when we would be deprived of the faculty of speech, and of the liberty of writing; and when, to aggravate our misfortunes, they would leave us nothing but the power of reflecting on them. This happened as soon as Murat entered into Madrid. In a few days he takes possession of our Gazette, and of the daily paper, and puts it in the hands of some of his hungry satellites, half learned, and half military men, who were to pocket the profits, and distribute a small recompence among some renegade Spaniards, who assisted them, partly in secret, and partly with barefaced effrontery, in so patriotick a work. The whole of them have already disappeared, pronouncing themselves their sentence and the punishment of their crime, by their flight from court to the French army. It is to be lamented that some hundreds more did not go with them. The author of *La Abeja* has also fled. He had returned to his country, under the protection and safeguard of its enemies: he was another of those emissaries who came here to preach up to us, the felicity which awaited us, and with which we were unacquainted, and the flight which Spanish *genius* would wing, when protected by the tutelary *Genius* of France.\*

The unhappy lot, which I saw falling to the other nations of Europe since the year 1805, made me anticipate my fears about the fate which threatened Spain. Even the countenances of the French pedlars, who walked our streets, and frequented our coffee houses, proclaimed their joy in the hopes of some good fortune. Some emphatick words which they threw out, between pity and admiration, announced to me, one or even two years before the French troops entered, that we were destined as an inheritance to them.

\* There are in the United States so many such printers and correspondents of the French Institute, that it would almost seem as if Don Capmany was speaking of us, instead of his countrymen.



In suspicion, caution, and malice, the lame ex-bishop and prince of Benevento, (called in the present age Talleyrand) the right hand of Napoleon, has gained no advantage over me; neither have I been deceived by the mysterious artifices of those cunning oracles of the French diplomacy, those intimate advisers of the perfidy of the imperial Fox. He deigns to speak to them, and consults them at pleasure or through necessity: but who could hear me, when withdrawn to my study, and keeping secret what there engaged my attention? Who dare question me, during the reign of the universal governour of this monarchy? Nobody opened his lips in his presence, not even those whose duty it was to assist at his office, and who could advise him, what was proper for the honour and preservation of the crown. All others were only permitted to breathe, very moderately, the air of his anti-chambers or his stables: and their only duty was to applaud with humble and reverential laughter, the jests of His Excellency, and the insolence of His Highness. His remarks were looked upon as the proverbs of Solomon, by those insects, to whom he had granted the privilege of seeing him in small clothes, or whose adulation he had already bought with offices, or expectations, which were the most that some received.

When I could no longer doubt the fatal destiny which was approaching us, and that the inactivity and unskilfulness of this ignorant and fickle-minded favourite, were accelerating our ruin, I had the patriotick freedom to send the two letters, which shall here be inserted, in order to restrain his habit of writing proclamations, in which he wished to show to the present and future generations, how great was his popular eloquence. A specimen of them, among many previous ones, is that ridiculous, foolish and impolitick proclamation, which he issued in his name to the nation, in order to inflame and call her to the field of Mars, without telling her who was the true or the supposed enemy. Learn readers, that Napoleon was the true enemy, and that we were just entering into the coalition of the north. But the battle of Jena made him repent, and he remained ill with every body. In order to expiate the design of that imprudent and untimely proclamation, he was forced to consent to the cruel sacrifice of those 20,000 men, whom the service of Napoleon sent to the north, as hostages of our future submission. This was the beginning of that blow which he aimed at our military forces, that we might not be able to oppose any invasion. For this reason, though at Varsovia, he pressed the quick departure of our troops, with so much earnestness and even with threats.

I had already foreseen what would happen, and frequently said among my friends, Godoy, as his line of conduct fully proves, aspires to the regency, or to the crown, and he calculates upon the assistance of Napoleon, who by his example has inspired him with such lofty designs. The Corsican, I added, keeps him up in his ambitious plan, and after having permitted him to plunge himself into an abyss of attempts, and to annihilate the power of the nation, he will kick him away, and proclaim himself our liberator; for this is the most barefaced and quiet mode of conquering. I now ask, whether those blind and infatuated Spaniards, who celebrated the victories of Napoleon in the north, or related them with heart-felt satisfaction, knew that each one was a pitched battle against Spain? Undoubtedly they did not; and it is this brutal ignorance, which must now keep them in confusion and repentance: but if they did, they deserve that their country should know them, and deliver them up to publick vengeance. Since then, I have looked at his successes through a telescopickal glass, and have clearly seen, what others would not or could not discern. The French thought that because we were dumb, we were also deaf and blind.

In the midst of these fears and presages, which crowded around my anguished heart, I had the grief and mortification to see posted up in handbills, and published in our papers, *Napoleon's Code—Life of Napoleon—Catechism of Napoleon*, translated into Spanish, and sold by retail. Shameful to our nation! I saw, and was ashamed to see, the book-stores and print-shops, with their doors and walls defiled with *portraits of Napoleon*, of all sizes, some illuminated, and others not. I saw there crowds of ideots, some in riding coats, some with wigs and others with crowns, who were admiring and gazing with their mouths wide open, when they should have looked with horror, at the image of the hero, who was soon to send to us 100,000 bayonets, and 20,000 cutlasses, that we might enjoy a happiness, with which we were unacquainted, and which we have already begun to taste. And what was all this, but gradually familiarizing us, with the sight of this tyrant, and acquiring a certain love for him from our very admiration? Did not these demonstrations call him, in a manner to us, and acclaim him in weak and corrupt hearts? The translators, reviewers, printers, booksellers, engravers, and purchasers, have greatly offended their country. In that street, which was the principal theatre of such scandalous scenes, a funeral pile should be raised, where those execrable monuments of our weakness or treachery should publickly be burnt.



To return to that epoch of my fears and presages, of which I have spoken above, the first letter I then sent to the generalissimo Godoy was the following—"Sir, if your excellency should think, that in the present circumstances my zeal and my person can be of any utility, I cheerfully place both at your disposal, and offer every assistance in the power of a good Spaniard and a faithful subject. I have a country and I love her: not with my tongue as is the case with many, but with my whole heart. If my years do not permit me to handle my sword, the pen has not yet fallen from my hands. I offer to my king and country as much as I ought, for I offer all I can, and to your excellency profound veneration and obedience. May God preserve the important life of your excellency many years.—Madrid, 8th November, 1806."

I know that my offer and zeal did not displease him. The latter however could not remain satisfied, with this passive approbation, which I was able to wrest from him. Four days after I wrote him another letter, which, although it might not awaken him from his lethargy, might inform him what he could still do with us, before we were sacrificed like the other nations of Europe. It was as follows:—"Sir, my love for my country, not being satisfied with the small offer I made your excellency, and being certain that whatever sentiment the spirit which animates me may breathe, it cannot offend one, who knows the goodness of my intentions; I take the liberty of suggesting to the comprehensive mind of your excellency a few ideas, the offspring of my ardent wish, that Spaniards may recover their former sentiments and character, which they have been unfortunately losing, for some years back. They are disgracing that reputation which their ancestors knew how to maintain in peace and war, and which rendered them respectable among foreign nations and among enemies.

"It is not the physical strength of the body alone, but also the moral strength of the mind, which constitutes the strength of a nation. Force of arms, and dexterity in managing them, are not sufficient to constitute the power of a monarchy, if courage, confidence, and spirit are wanting in those who are to defend it; and if those who are to contribute to the means of its defence are deficient in zeal and good will.

"Character governs all men; and this I see is nearly extinguished among my countrymen, who appear to have forgotten their noble origin, the greatness of their country, and the glory of her ancient exploits, since they have lost their own customs, usages, habits, dress, language, and even their prejudices, which sometimes assist very much in con-

quering an enemy, or at least, prevent themselves from being conquered. Men are always in want of an idol, to which they may sacrifice their repose, their fortunes, and even their blood. Formerly, religion gave rise to prodigies of valour: the name of *Spaniards*, inflamed and animated warriors, because it rendered them vain; and the recollection of *country*, infused a desire of preserving her into the minds of the noble, the peasant, and the clergyman. But now, that with the inundation of French books, customs and fashions, that severity of the Spaniards has become effeminate; their manners have undergone a great change, and produced a kind of aversion to the mode of life of their fathers; now, that we read neither our histories, our comedies, nor our songs, but look upon them all as barbarous and ignorant; now that it is fashionable, stylish, and good breeding to admire every thing which comes beyond the Pyrenees, and affectedly to forget whatever resembles our own land, and even to despise what nature has given us with so bountiful a hand; now, I say, we have no other means of making ourselves respectable and powerful but by inspiring the people with confidence, and those of high rank with shame at their degradation. Of what consequence would it be to a king to have subjects, if he had no nation? A nation is formed, not by the number of individuals, but by the union of the wills, the conformity of laws, customs, and language, which maintain and keep them together, from generation to generation. For this reason, upon which few have reflected, I preached so often in all my writings and conversations, against those who assist by their example and practice, in every thing they say, write, and translate, in annihilating our language: my object was rather political than grammatical. Wherever there is no nation, there is no native country. Italy and Germany fully prove that, at this very time. If the Italians and the Germans, who are divided and distressed with so many different interests, customs and governments, had formed one people, they would neither have been invaded nor dismembered. They are great regions described and marked down on the map; but they are not nations, although they speak the same language. The universal cry of *Germans! Italians!* does not inflame the mind of any individual, for none of them belongs to a whole body. Man ought to regulate his conduct by the precepts of the bible; but nations by the laws of self-preservation. There is no friendship between them: reciprocal hatred keeps them without fearing or envying one another, and gives rise to emulation, the mother of great actions. Any nation which is in love with another, is alrea-



dy half conquered, leaving little to be done in an invasion to force of arms.\*

“The French armies are possibly indebted in a great measure, to this fatal disposition of their enemies for their rapid triumphs. If the sense of character is weakened, it must be enlivened by means directly opposite to those, which brought it to a state of decline. The poets, who hitherto have only dedicated themselves to singing love songs and victories in heroick and lyrick compositions, might exercise their talent in popular poems, which might awaken notions of honour, courage and patriotism, by relating the exploits of our brave captains and soldiers in the two worlds, at one time against the Indians, and at another against the enemies of Spain in Africa, Italy, and Flanders, for history teems with their heroick deeds. With these songs repeated in our dances, entertainments and theatres, a delicious treat would be given to the people, until their present indolence would be shaken off, and they would entirely lay aside their former collection of dances and songs—The bull feasts might also contribute towards maintaining this national spirit, and in our present circumstances I would be glad they were not abolished. As I have always looked upon this publick amusement as originating in Spain, only exercised among Spaniards, and inimitable in foreign kingdoms, I formerly wrote an apology in its favour, against the Spaniards of the *new school*, beings, who are now dead to their country. “I prefer this Spanish ferocity as it is called, which can make us be feared, to that philosophical effeminacy and frivolity of the present day, which has rendered us despicable in the eyes of those very persons, who have ingrafted it in us. With this motive, and in order that your excellency may see what I thought at that time, in what I said or rather foretold, I take the liberty of including to you the three newspapers in which, I six years ago, gave my opinion, anonymously, lest I should be stoned to death by people of taste. I beseech your excellency to pardon my boldness and my errors, if such can

\* The want of national character in Germany and Italy is insisted on with much propriety, and if the writer had depicted the effects of foreign *hatred* as well as foreign *love*, the lesson would be complete. We seem here to judge by the acts of government, and some of the periodical papers, to be guided by no self-will, or other impulse than that we receive from one or the other of the *great contending parties*, as France and England are affectedly styled. Impelled by love or hatred for these twenty-four millions of Spaniards and Spanish colonists, all the rest of the world indeed, are to us as so many nonentities. Creatures who neither have, or of right ought to have life, liberty or property.

be called, the overflowings of a sound and patriotick heart, which earnestly wishes for the glory and happiness of your excellency; whose important life, I pray God may preserve many years.—Madrid, 12th November, 1806.”

I know that he also read this letter, and very attentively, upon his return from the walk; but without ever having produced any effect. I wished to copy in this place these two monuments of my patriotick zeal and my foresight, concerning the state of political infirmity, in which my country was, and which could not now be cured by the exhortations nor the sermons of an ideot, who was himself the cause of his approaching misfortunes, and whose person was detested even by those who were indebted to him for their fortunes. What must have been the tribulation of my unquiet mind, disturbed by such fatal presages, when others could only see straight before them, and were not deprived of their rest by the triumphs of Napoleon! Oh! happy souls, who slept at your ease, until the trumpet of Murat called you to judgment! But it was my misfortune to suffer before I could feel, and to undergo death before I died.

O! unwary Spaniards! I believe that you have not yet feared as much as you reasonably might, from the iniquitous heart of Bonaparte, were he become the master of Spain. You foresaw these revolutions, contributions, conscriptions, the abolition of your laws, the ruin of your holy religion, the loss of the Americas, &c. But were you sure, that he would not put Spain upon the same footing with the other nations, which he governs, mediately or immediately? Were you sure, that taking organized France for his model, he would not divide you into departments, districts, prefect-ships, &c. Taking from your provinces their name and political existence, he may also abolish that of Spain, calling her perhaps Iberia, or Hesperia, according to the pedantick whim of his transformations, in order that our grand-children may not recollect the country, in which their ancestors were born?

And do you know whether, as a greater punishment, his indignation will not have prepared for us another species of mortification and insult? Whether he will not send Godoy to us again, in all his pomp and magnificence?

Spaniards, be on your guard! expect neither friendship nor humanity from Frenchmen: place no confidence in their words, and detest their actions. On another occasion as a favour to them, I said, that we must read their books, but burn to death their authors, for their hearts have never been in unison with their lips. Their disposition renders them seditious at home, and their policy makes them revolutionary abroad. In no condition can they remain quiet, but are always engaging in plots and intrigues. An old proverb of



theirs gives a true description of them :—*Quand le Français dort le diable le berce*, (when a Frenchman sleeps, the devil rocks the cradle.) Is not this the same as telling us, that the devil wishes he should not awake, lest he should deprive him of his office ?

With what philanthropick energy they proclaimed to us, that upon their entrance into Italy, they would abolish that vile practice of castrating persons trained up to musick, being, they said, the greatest degradation of the human species. These were empty promises of their pompous philosophy. The humanity of Napoleon wants complete men, who may propagate slaves for his wars, the theatre of his diversions.

Spaniards, I repeat it, be on your guard ! Do not trust to what the French tell you, either when they flatter or when they threaten you. Their maxims and boastings have been the perdition of the world. When they declared war against the emperor of Russia, they called him an inexperienced, pusillanimous prince, surrounded by weak counsellors, and heaped upon the nation the epithets of barbarous and ferocious Scythians, threatening every state of Europe. The war is ended ; an alliance concluded, and Alexander has already become a young hero, his court the centre of refinement, his government illustrious, his troops brave, and his nation respectable. As they write upon every subject in a masterly style, some of their modern military characters openly affirm, that fortified towns are useless, according to the modern system of warfare ; but in the mean time they guard their own very carefully, garrison and fortify those which they take, or rather those which their enemies deliver up to them. If they are of no use, why did they take possession of all those on the Rhine and on the frontier of Holland, in order to form an impenetrable barrier, round the confines of France ? If they are of no use, why did the first article, which they exacted from the traitor Godoy, require that Pampelona, Figueras, and Barcelona should be delivered up to them ? Why do they guard them so unremittingly ? These hypocrites well know, that if these fortresses had not been in their hands, they would not have dared to enter into Spain, and that long since, Catalonia and Navarre would have been cleared of Frenchmen. Would they remain in these two provinces without having these places to fall back to and recruit ?

You have seen with indignation, and treated with contempt, the treachery of Napoleon, his envenomed professions of friendship and prosperity made to us in his proposals, and the exhortations addressed to us by those whom he has appointed to execute his insidious designs.

Ask France, what prosperity her invincible emperor has acquired for her during his reign? What tranquillity and ease families enjoy? What eminence in her arts? What progress in the sciences? What increase of population? What activity in the manufactures? What riches in her commerce? and what enlargement in her navigation? She will answer you, that every thing is annihilated; that that flourishing kingdom has become a barrack for soldiers, and that in her former beautiful cities, there reigns only the rigour of a civil and military despotism. The remains of the population, which survived the first war, still lament the blood of more than one million of victims; and the shoots which have sprouted from the ashes of the immense destruction, caused by the axe of the French revolution, have grown, and do still grow, to be pulled up and transplanted in the bloody and horrid field of death. Consider Spaniards what fate awaited you, who were the objects of the avarice and ambition of this wild monster, when he has sacrificed to his mad triumphs, those whom he calls his children, and for whom he has been exerting himself, as he says, eight years past? Truly his subjects fight, he alone triumphs, and his sluggish connexions enjoy the victory.

On the other hand, could you doubt the moderation of the supreme arbiter of your destiny? He told you, I will not reign over your provinces, I will leave you your religion and preserve your independence and the indivisibility of the monarchy. Could there exist a more insolent conqueror: granting these things to the vanquished, by capitulation, or through clemency? By this it would seem, that he could prohibit the exercise of our religion, make us over or sell us to another tyrant, as is his custom, or cut Spain into slices.

One cause, which he alleged for coming to reform us, was, that our monarchy was *old*, that is, it was not like the French—What an insulting joke! He came to repair our dilapidated and exhausted treasury: and in order to ease her, put the small weight of 120,000 armed men, upon the lank ribs of the poor *old creature*. He saw our misfortunes, he said, and wished to remedy them, after having caused them, and been an accomplice in the villany of our domestic robber. He wished to give to Spain, the splendour, glory and power which she formerly enjoyed. What would become of France and of her conceited emperor, if we were to recover our former strength? He took compassion on our weakness, and could not bear to see the decline of a neighbour, by his own bad government. It is false, thou bare-faced villain: it is this dissipation, this weak government, which has given thee the strength and audacity to come and insult us. A most ridiculous assertion; it will never again



be mentioned in history, that one power should exert itself to increase the strength and prosperity of its neighbours : since all governments for their own preservation or preponderancy, avail themselves of the weakness, the one of the other, and even occasion it, as France whilst a repulick, and since whilst a monarchy, has done with Spain.

He would not, he says, take the government from Godoy, whom he calls, *a man without talents or morals*, lest he should grieve Charles his friend and ally : he then treats this friend with the greatest insult and treachery, deprives him and his first born son and legitimate successor, our ever beloved Ferdinand VII. of their crown and their liberty. He at the same time patronises and protects this wretch whom he before stigmatized as inept and immoral.

As our laws are old, he came to give us new ones : this is the last degree of tyranny and humiliation, which a conquered nation can suffer from the conqueror. How great must be the presumption and vanity of Napoleon who makes himself our legislator before he subdues us ! Let the new *Constitution of Spain*, presented to us by his wisdom and beneficence, explain it ; this scandalous monument of our future slavery. He wished us to subscribe blindly to a miserable pamphlet of 34 pages 12 mo. in which short space was written the eternal destiny of Spain ; as if he were making a provisional regulation for a new colony of negroes upon a barren island. The smallness of the volume forms its principle insult, and the brevity of its articles its greatest injury, with the most malice. Our patience is very great if our indolence is not greater. Among so many learned and patriotick men, how happens it that no pen has appeared, to crumble, crush and pulverize this code of deceptions, snares, perfidies and nonsense ? What is contained therein is not so bad as what is omitted. In theory, the volume is short : but in practice how grievous and weighty.

If we resist the violence of this unjust invader, they call us rebels, because we are unwilling to be slaves : if we make no resistance we are treated as such, disarmed, threatened, robbed, and loaded with contributions. A musket shot from a village is expiated by fire and sword. Tamerlane did not issue the decree of death against the towns which he laid siege to until the third day. The first day he hoisted a white flag, the second a red, and the third a black one. He deceived no one : the intimation was as clear as it was concise.

Bonaparte has fought, until now, against armies and not against nations. The maxims of particular policy which he has formed, do not respect those who fight for their homes, or in their own houses. Who has told him that those do not enjoy the rights of war, who defend their country or their

homes with their hands, or with arms? Every peasant becomes a soldier, when he opposes those who come to rob him of his property and liberty: the want of uniform does not deprive him of this quality, he is a soldier by birth.\*

Did Napoleon think that penetrating into Spain was the same as traversing Swabia, Saxony, and Westphalia, whose peasantry remain asleep whilst walking? Those good people are accustomed in every war, to pass from the yoke of one sovereign to that of another, without preserving a love for any. But besides these political causes, what with divisions, what with incorporations and transfers of vassalage, without the power of calling their country, either the land which they lost on the one side, or gained or exchanged on the other; in every state and condition the people were servile by habit, and servile by birth.

We should fear that the artful Bonaparte, after having found that the plan of despotism, which he is extending throughout Europe, had succeeded in France, would come to establish it in Spain. This is what he calls regenerating; that is, civilizing nations after his manner, until they entirely lose their former character, and the memory of their liberty. To make every thing even, uniform, simple, and organized, are words very flattering to theorists, and particularly so to tyrants. When every thing is smooth and solid, and all the parts are confounded into a homogeneous mass, governing is more expeditious, because obedience is more expeditious. If a hundred balls, all of the same weight and matter, be arranged on a plane in the form of a solid sphere, by slightly touching the centre ball, they will all be moved at the same instant, even to the circumference. How easily the despot then rules! The shaking of a finger puts the whole machine, however great, into motion; and by merely opening his mouth, or arching his eye-brows, like the Jupiter of Homer, the earth shakes, and the sons of men tremble.

Napoleon is this despot, and the French are the balls of the sphere. In *organized* France, that is, in fettered France, there is but one law, one shepherd and one flock, destined *constitutionally* to the slaughter. For this reason this shepherd does not meet with any contradiction to his whims, nor any obstacles to his wishes. His will is the supreme law, to which all others must be subservient. He can calculate upon the blind obedience of more than forty millions of souls, who in his eyes form but one. This is an event which

\* That is, every farmer, mechanick, or other private person, who dares defend his country or home, without a military dress and accoutrements complete, are treated as the worst of *rebels* by their professed friends and reformers, and all instantly and indiscriminately murdered.



the emperor Caligula desired so much, but could not obtain; wishing that the whole Roman people had but one head, that he might put them all to death with one blow.

When the fortunate Bonaparte usurped the consular, and afterwards the imperial dignity, he found every thing already done. He was born a giant, and made immediate use of his strength. There were no longer in France either clergy, nobility, parliaments, or provinces: she maintained both within and without 400,000 veteran soldiers, and fifty experienced generals, of whom he could make immediate use. He abolished every monument commemorative of the republic: but whatever could further his designs, that he preserved: it was thus with our treaty of alliance, which ought no longer to have subsisted, when the government and constitution of France were changed. But who could make any opposition, or where could an appeal lie against this injustice and violence; the omnipotent Napoleon being both party and judge in this cause, and executioner upon the verdict?

In France there are neither provinces nor nations; their territories and even their names are blotted from their maps. Like sheep who have no individual name, except the common mark of their owner, he has allotted to them certain spaces of ground, divided either by streams, rivers or mountains, under the name of departments, or *pasture grounds*, and these divided into districts or *sheep-cots*. There is no fixed country for Frenchmen; for the country in which they, their fathers or their mothers were born, has no individual name. They are born and brought up in the fields, and die upon the field of battle. They are all called Frenchmen in a mass, like sheep, subject to the crook of the great imperial herdsman. It is thus that his throne is secured, without the dread of insurrection or discontent among the provinces, which may one day vie with one another, in being the first to hoist the standard of impatience, against so heavy a yoke.

This unity and indivisibility which was then so fortunate for the despotick directory, has since been still more fortunate for the despotick Bonaparte. This is called simplifying, systemizing a government, and regenerating a nation, till man is degenerated from his first destination, and the bands of the natural and social affections rent and broken asunder. The unborn fruit of the mother's womb, are there destined to be the assassins of their fellow creatures.\*

The tyrant did not wish to frighten us, when he spoke of regeneration, under which name he cloaked the violence of

\* Thus Duane has preached against the state governments, and Irvine has recommended a monarchy, to simplify our institutions to his hand, with whom they both propose an alliance.

so terrible a transformation. One of the brothers has already told us in his paternal counsels, of his sincere wishes that the nation should not suffer those disasters to which the *convulsions* of the provinces would expose her. Be it known to his imperial and royal majesty, and to the eloquent expounders of his adorable decrees and pacifick *sentiments*, that the convulsions of our provinces have restored them to health, and have saved the entire nation. This weak and despaired of body could not be moved from the pit into which he had thrown it, without having some of its limbs electrified. Each province has roused and has taken off the yoke, in a manner peculiar to herself. What would already have become of the Spaniards, were there no Arragonians, Valentians, Murcians, Andalusians, Asturians, Gallicians, Catalonians, Castillians, &c.? Each of these names inflames our anger and our pride, and of these small divisions, is composed the mass of the great nation, which our wise conqueror was unacquainted with, although he ever had upon his sideboard an open map of Spain.

Do not forget, my beloved countrymen, that a Frenchman is an indescribable animal: he preaches up virtue and has none; humanity, and he knows not what it is; he wishes peace, and he seeks for war; he destroys with one hand, what he builds up with the other. A Frenchman possesses the vivacity and the docility of the horse, who with equal joy and equal patience, permits himself to be mounted either by Trajan or Napoleon.

Oh! happy are you, ye inhabitants of islands, who, surrounded by the sea, do not partake of the uneasiness and the horrors of the continent! \* Oh! Sicilian vigils, so famous in history, when will we be able to accompany you, that the angels may sing praises in heaven! He had also decreed you to slavery. Not satisfied with the land, he wished to rule over the water, and deprive England of her power over the seas, by his vain efforts, calling her the *common enemy*, in order to excite the indignation of all nations against her, as if love or hatred could be impressed by imperial decrees. What would have become of the world, if England had not arrested his steps and clipped his wings in this element! What invasions of conquerors! What descents of bloody pirates from pole to pole! This furious and ill-advised hero

\* Americans, I say, be on your guard, nor rely on the sea for safety: If the subjugation of Spain has been effected, as too many fondly anticipate, the warning is but so much the more important. The enemy is at your doors, he has procured additional means to divide and destroy us, and the failings and errors of the Spaniards are to be guarded against.



pretending to crush the power of England, has destroyed his own navy, and that of every other power.

Be upon your guard, my loyal and brave countrymen ! Do you be sentinels against the French, and against those Spaniards, who are afraid of them, or do not detest them ; for if an opportunity should present itself they would assist them to-morrow. Have you not seen with horror and amazement, how they have been served by some, who seeing their country in servitude and affliction, under the expectations of receiving an office, have solicited to be made the overseers of our enemies, that they might exercise some authority over their countrymen ? This perversity can only be found in the regencies of Barbary, where those who order and beat the Christian captives, tie them to the oar, and cut their arms if they do not row, are the renegadoes, who in order to possess some authority over their wretched companions, strip themselves of the religion of their ancestors, the love of their country and every sentiment of shame or humanity.

Spaniards be on your guard : permit these Transpyrenean madmen to call you barbarians, provided they acknowledge you to be invincible. They complained of our roads and our inns ; but would to God they had not been so convenient for their reception, either in peace or war, nor that so many of our youth had been able to pass our frontier ! We should have prepared for them the inns of Arabia and the roads of mountain goats ; and instead of spacious turnpikes paved with stone, have given them breaks and passes cut through rocks, that they might neither be able to run their posts, nor move their artillery. Civilization is sometimes the death of nations. From the time that the duke of Savoy opened a magnificent road, by cutting through immense rocks, he ceased to be the porter of Italy.

Illustrious Spaniards : provinces honoured by this glorious name, when joined together you form the power of Spain, and, confining to one object your wishes, you will make the power of your nation invincible ; preserve, therefore, your union, fraternity and constancy. Every movement, which leads you from these three points, is a breach, which you open to the attack of our enemy : this is the only victory which he expects, which his arms cannot obtain, and which can only be effected by our own hands. The crafty Napoleon is not asleep ; be on the watch therefore to clear the sacred territory of Spain of disloyal subjects, of hypocrites and of persons disaffected to the common cause. Our sovereign is a prisoner in France, but our sovereignty is free in Spain. His royal palace expects you and awaits your arrival, you deputies of the supreme union and authority, that those doors may be opened, which national sorrow has closed.

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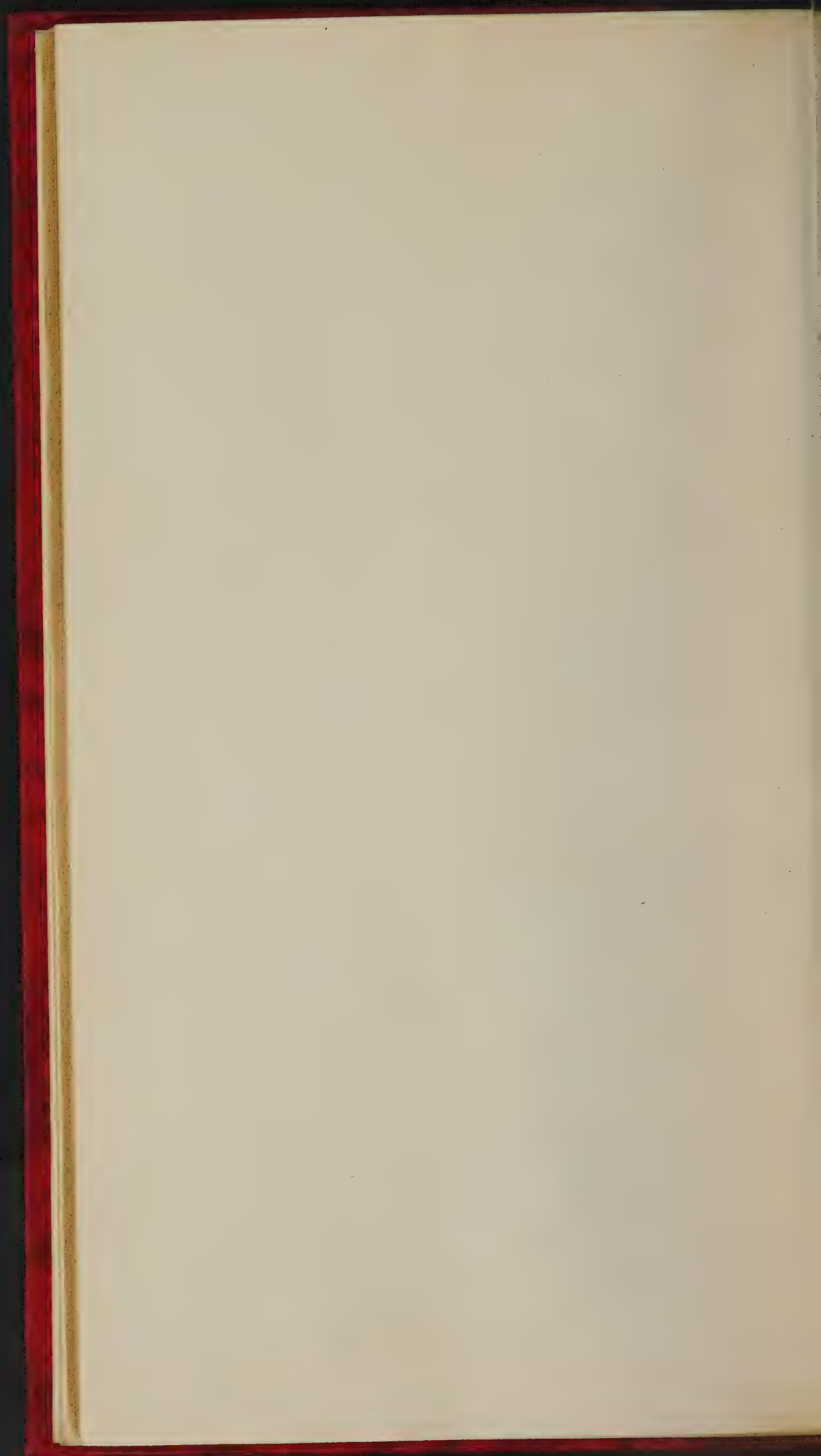








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